James Willis Taylor

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM TENNESSEE

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

James Willis Taylor

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM TENNESSEE

Seventy-sixth Congress
Third Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

JAMES WILLIS TAYLOR was born near Lead Mine Bend, Union County, Tenn., August 28, 1880; attended the public schools, Holbrook Normal College, Fountain City, Tenn., and the American Temperance University, Harriman, Tenn.; taught school for several years; was graduated from the law department of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., in 1902, and was admitted to the bar in the same year; moved to La Follette, Campbell County, Tenn., and commenced practice; postmaster at La Follette 1904–1909; served as mayor 1910–1913 and 1918–1919; insurance commissioner for the State of Tennessee in 1913 and 1914; chairman of the Republican State executive committee in 1917 and 1918; elected as a Republican to the Sixty-sixth and to the ten succeeding Congresses, and served from March 4, 1919, until his death; member of the Republican National Executive Committee 1929–1939; died in La Follette, Tenn., November 14, 1939; interment in Woodlawn Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *March 25, 1940.*

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, I have sent to the Clerk's desk the usual resolution providing for memorial services for deceased Members of Congress to be held on Wednesday, April 24, and I ask its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

House Resolution 437

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 24th day of April 1940, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the third session of the Seventy-sixth Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-sixth Congress
Third Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:15 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Thomas L. Thomas

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

The Living God (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Bill Perry

Address_____ Hon. Harry P. Beam
Representative from the State of Illinois

Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth (Felix Mendelssohn)_
Bill Perry

Address_____ Hon. Roy O. Woodruff
Representative from the State of Michigan

The Old Rugged Cross (Bennard)_____ Thomas L. Thomas

Taps_____ Winfred Kemp

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

James Willis Taylor

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *April 24, 1940.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name—Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The eternal God is Thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever believeth in Me shall never die.

The righteous live forever and the care of them is with the Most High: With His right hand shall He cover them and with His arm shall He shield them.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations, before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy

sight are as yesterday when they are past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; They are as a sleep; In the morning they are like grass which groweth up; In the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us and establish the works of our hands upon us; Yea, the works of our hands establish Thou it.

Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know. Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way. Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the future years.
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Oh, Thou in whose presence our souls take delight, on whom in affliction we call, Thou wert our fathers' God. In the darkness Thou gavest them light, in danger, succor, and in uncertainty, guidance. The light of Thy word was their inspiration, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." O let us hear the carol in the clouds, view the rock amid the waves, and see the star in the valley. Lead us, oh, Christ, in the toilsome way of Gethsemane and Calvary, and in all our needs give us strength and grace. Bless Thou the memory of those who have wrought well and passed on. Unto all hearts that are bowed down today, minister unto them the comfort and the consolations of Thy richest blessings.

We are reminded, dear Lord, that our days are swiftly passing by. Yesterday we were not, tomorrow we shall be gone. O how changing are the fortunes of life—laughter and tears, melody and lamentation. Mid the fleeing shadows, O may the good angels sing the song of hope in every breast. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. Thomas L. Thomas sang "There Is No Death," by Geoffrey O'Hara.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Roger M. Calloway, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

MARVEL MILLS LOGAN, a Senator from the State of Kentucky: Lawyer; educator; county attorney, Edmonson County, 1902–03; Attorney General of Kentucky, 1916–17; Judge, Kentucky Court of Appeals, 1926–31; Chief Justice, 1931; chairman Democratic State Convention, 1916; elected to the United States Senate in 1930, and again in 1936. Died October 3, 1939.

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH, a Senator from the State of Idaho: Lawyer; distinguished orator; member of the Republican National Committee, 1908–12; delegate, Republican National Convention, 1912; elected to the United States Senate in 1907, and served 32 years and 10 months; was chairman of the Senate Committees on Foreign Relations, and Education and Labor; dean of the Senate from 1933 until the day of his death, January 19, 1940.

BERT LORD, Thirty-fourth Congressional District of New York: Merchant; member New York Assembly, 1915–22, 1924–29; motor vehicle commissioner for the State of New York, 1921–23; State Senator, 1929–35; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died May 24, 1939.

EMMETT MARSHALL OWEN, Fourth Congressional District of Georgia: Lawyer; member, Georgia Legislature, 1902–06; solicitor, City Court of Zebulon, 1908–12; Solicitor General, Flint Judicial Circuit, 1913–23; Solicitor General, Griffin Judicial Circuit, 1923–33; Member of the Seventy-third and each succeeding Congress. Died June 21, 1939.

HARRY WILBUR GRISWOLD, Third Congressional District of Wisconsin: Farmer; educator; member, State Board of Vocational Education, 1930–36; served in the State Senate from 1932 to 1936; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died July 4, 1939.

SAMUEL DAVIS MCREYNOLDS, Third Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of the State of Tennessee, 1903–22; Member of the Sixty-eighth and each succeeding Congress; American delegate to the International Monetary and Economic Conference, in London, 1933; chairman, Committee on Foreign Affairs. Died July 11, 1939.

THOMAS MARION EATON, Eighteenth Congressional District of California: Businessman; educator; served in the United States Navy during the World War; member, City Council, Long Beach, Calif., 1934–36; mayor of Long Beach, 1936–38; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died September 16, 1939.

THOMAS SANDERS MCMILLAN, First Congressional District of South Carolina: Farmer; educator; member, South Carolina House of Representatives, 1916–24; speaker, 1923–24; Member of the Sixty-ninth and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committee on Appropriations. Died September 29, 1939.

CHESTER CASTLE BOLTON, Twenty-second Congressional District of Ohio: Businessman; captain, United States Army Reserve Corps, serving successively with the War Industries Board, aide to the Assistant Secretary of War, and on the General Staff of the War Department; lieutenant colonel, Assistant Chief of Staff of the One Hundred and First Division; member of the Ohio Senate, 1923–28; Member of the Seventy-first and each succeeding Congress. Died October 29, 1939.

JAMES WILLIS TAYLOR, Second Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; postmaster, La Follette, Tenn., 1904–09; mayor of La Follette, 1910–13; insurance commissioner, State of Tennessee, 1913–14; chairman, Republican State Executive Committee, 1917–18; Member of the Sixty-sixth and each succeeding Congress; ranking

minority member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Died November 14, 1939.

CARL EDGAR MAPES, Fifth Congressional District of Michigan: Lawyer; member, Michigan House of Representatives, 1905–07; member, State Senate, 1909–13; elected to the Sixty-third and each succeeding Congress; ranking minority member of the Committees on Rules and on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Died December 12, 1939.

WILLIAM IRVING SIROVICH, Fourteenth Congressional District of New York: Physician and surgeon; fellow, American College of Surgeons, 1924; awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, Columbia University Alumni Association, 1932; Member of the Seventieth and each succeeding Congress; chairman of the Committee on Patents. Died December 17, 1939.

JOHN ANDREW MARTIN, Third Congressional District of Colorado: Lawyer, editor; soldier; member, Colorado Assembly, 1901–02; Pueblo city attorney, 1905–07; Member of the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, retiring voluntarily; during the World War served as a major, Fortieth Division; Member of the Seventy-third and each succeeding Congress. Died December 23, 1939.

WILLIAM ALBERT ASHBROOK, Seventeenth Congressional District of Ohio: Editor; banker; farmer; publisher of the Johnstown Independent since 1885; postmaster, Johnstown, 1893–97; member, Ohio House of Representatives, 1904–05; Member of the Sixtieth through the Sixty-sixth Congresses, also the Seventy-fourth and each succeeding Congress. Died January 1, 1940.

GEORGE HENRY HEINKE, First Congressional District of Nebraska: Lawyer; graduate, University of Nebraska, 1908; county attorney, Otoe County, 1919–23, 1927–35; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress; served on the Committees on Election of the President, Vice President, and Representatives in Congress; Labor; and the Territories. Died January 2, 1940.

WALLACE EDGAR PIERCE, Thirty-first Congressional District of New York: Lawyer; member, New York Bar Association; member, New York Assembly, 1917–19; chairman, Clinton County Republican Committee; member, New York State Republican Committee; elected to the Seventy-sixth Congress; served on the Committee on the Judiciary. Died January 3, 1940.

EDWARD WALTER CURLEY, Twenty-second Congressional District of New York: Builder and contractor; member of the Board of Aldermen, New York City, 1916–35; chairman or ranking member

of all major committees of the board; elected to the Seventy-fourth and each succeeding Congress; member of the Committees on Labor, Civil Service, Election of the President, Vice President, and Representatives in Congress; and Invalid Pensions. Died January 6, 1940.

CASSIUS CLAY DOWELL, Sixth Congressional District of Iowa: Lawyer; member, Iowa House of Representatives, 1894–98; member, State senate, 1902–12; Member of the Sixty-fourth through the Seventy-third, Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth Congresses; ranking minority member of the Committee on the Territories. Died February 4, 1940.

CLYDE HAROLD SMITH, Second Congressional District of Maine: Educator; member, State house of representatives, 1899–1903, 1919–23; State senator, 1923–29; chairman, State Highway Commission, 1928–32; member, Governor's Council, Fourth District, 1933–37; elected to the Seventy-fifth and the Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died April 8, 1940.

SANTIAGO IGLESIAS, a Resident Commissioner from the Territory of Puerto Rico: Labor organizer; editor; founder of the Free Federation of Workingmen in Puerto Rico, 1898; member, Puerto Rican senate, 1917–32; edited the Porvenir Social, 1898–1900, Union Obera, 1903–06 and Justicia, 1914–25; Resident Commissioner from 1932 until his death December 5, 1939.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Mr. Bill Perry sang "The Living God," by Geoffrey O'Hara.

Hon. HARRY P. BEAM, a Representative from the State of Illinois, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. HARRY P. BEAM

Mr. BEAM. Mr. Speaker, today we assemble in solemn conclave to pay honor and tribute to our dead. No question of state or parliamentary controversy can disturb the tranquillity of the occasion as we recall with fond and happy recollection the close and intimate association we enjoyed

in the crucible of public service with our departed colleagues, who now rest forever in the calm and peaceful bosom of eternity.

Of all the events in life, death, with its mysterious realism, is the most startling and dramatic. No one can stand in its awful presence and not be moved to a deeper and more abiding solicitude for the rights of our fellow man; nor can one encounter its grim realities without becoming more tolerant, more sympathetic, more understanding of the frailties of human nature and without a deeper conscientious realization of our own imperfection and mortality.

How fleeting is time and how transitory and temporal is the applause of the people or the honors and dignities conferred upon man in the short span of human life. And what a stern realization of that fact have we before us today, as we listen in vain for voices we knew so well to respond to the roll call who but a short yesterday were active participators in the deliberations of our body and wielded vast and far-reaching influence in the formation of the legislative program of the Nation.

Away. We know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tellst me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Our colleagues whose untimely passing we commemorate today were privileged to serve their country during some of the most crucial and fateful years in the history of the Republic.

During their official service as Members of the Congress of the United States they viewed with alarm and deep concern the grave uncertainty and distress which engulfed the citizenship of our land. During those early days of the depression they observed their fellow citizens in mass formation storm the very doors of the Nation's Capitol, demanding food

and shelter for themselves and for their families. They witnessed the bankruptcy of agriculture, the prostration of business, the failure of thousands of banking institutions throughout the land, the foreclosure of countless homes and farms, the sorry and desperate plight of the wage earner and the farmer, and the prevailing fear and trepidation which seemed to strike at the very heart and sinews of our American national life.

Our departed colleagues, with undismayed courage and a high conception of American statesmanship faced their grave responsibility and contributed generously and unreservedly of their sagacious counsel, and their profound knowledge and wisdom, in devising ways and means to remedy these oppressing conditions and to relieve the circumstances which were well-nigh overwhelming the moral courage and grim fortitude of our people.

They were active participators in the great emergency program to revive agriculture, to furnish governmental aid, and financial assistance to business and industry, and to restore confidence and security in our banking system. They actively assisted in the enactment of laws to alleviate the suffering of our citizens and were contributors to all social legislation for the welfare of the poor and underprivileged of our land.

Our departed colleagues were privileged to serve in the Congress of the United States during the rise of the dictators and witnessed the tremendous growth of the nefarious doctrines of communism and nazi-ism, and saw them become the dominant policy and religion, so to speak, of countless numbers of heretofore God-fearing men and women of great nations of the world.

They observed in their lifetime the war clouds again hover over the nations of Europe, threatening to engulf the entire world once more in conflagration. They witnessed the march of the highly mechanized and modernized armies of the dictators against countries ill-equipped for war, and by fire and sword saw them conquer and destroy nations, subject their

citizens to a lifetime of sorrow and misery, and bury forever the last vestige of hope for liberty and freedom for untold millions of human beings.

Robert Ingersoll, appearing before the tomb of Napoleon, expressed himself in the following words:

> I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

I pause and wonder, my fellow colleagues, when at some time in the future, when these dictators who have caused the pangs of war to again cloud the happiness and peace of the world are summoned to embark on that fateful voyage, from which no traveler returneth, what complacency of thought, what peace of mind and heart can be theirs. When the very shrouds which enwrap their cold and lifeless clay shall be drenched with the blood and tears of countless numbers of human beings, decreed by them to a vale of misery, suffering, famine, pestilence, and death.

> The garlands wither on your brow;
> Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
> Upon death's purple altar now
> See where the victor—victim bleeds;
> Your heads must come
> To the cold tomb;
> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

What a sad commentary of fate that in this age of enlightenment, of intellectual development, of cultural advancement, and of great scientific discoveries—all for the happiness and betterment of mankind—that the people of the world should again be plunged into the horrors and terrors of war, with all the resulting suffering and misery therein entailed.

From the sad plight and appalling despair of these unfortunate nations, let us resolve that, from the hallowed ashes of our departed colleagues, never again shall we vote to plunge America into a foreign holocaust of war, or ever again consecrate any foreign soil with the lifeblood of our American youth, to save or preserve the integrity of any foreign monarchy, dynasty, or power.

America will fight only for America, and to keep inviolate our priceless heritage of liberty and freedom, and the preservation of our democratic form of government.

These were the ideals, my fellow citizens, our departed colleagues cherished and sustained in their lifetime, and for the love of which they nobly laid down their lives. As distinguished Members of Congress, they served their country loyally and well, and carved their names high in the annals of American statesmanship. They enjoyed the love and affection of their fellow citizens, and the respect and esteem of their fellow Members of Congress. They have left to their loved ones, and to the Nation, a noble heritage of honor and glory upon the altar of public service.

This is the last time the names of our departed colleagues will ever be officially called from the floor of the Congress of the United States. No more shall we disturb the tranquillity of their slumber; no more shall we derange the peace and calm of their repose; but, with the hallowed love and enduring affection of the Congress of the United States, and the entire Nation, we reconsecrate their tombs with the fervent hopes and prayers of all America that from their noble and revered spirits we may rededicate our efforts to keep aglow the torch of liberty and freedom they so valiantly and patriotically carried in the service of their country, and which they now pass on to us, unsullied and undefiled.

Their love of country, their ardor and devotion to their Nation's welfare, their nobility of character have forever enshrined their memory in a diadem of perpetual light, which will glow, with ever-increasing splendor, in the hearts of their fellow countrymen, long after monuments of granite and

stone have crumbled into dust and decay; and so, with all our heartfelt affection, compassion, and reverence, we fondly say, "Farewell, our beloved colleagues; farewell forever":

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Mr. Bill Perry sang "Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth" (Felix Mendelssohn).

Hon. ROY O. WOODRUFF, a Representative from the State of Michigan, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. ROY O. WOODRUFF, OF MICHIGAN

Mr. WOODRUFF of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, again there has come that day which we dedicate to our colleagues who have crossed over to that mystic realm from which no traveler returns.

Our hearts, of course, are full of thoughts which cannot be expressed in words, and of feelings which we do not even wish to voice here.

The passing of a colleague brings to each and every one of us not only grief at the severing of associations but a somber pondering on the meaning of this enigma of human existence. The mortal sense of life would make of man little more than the grass of the fields, flourishing for a brief season, and then withering away. Compared to eternity the human span is but a twinkling. We are apt to forget that billions of individuals have come and gone; millions who are now living will, in no great stretch of time, join the silent majority.

One may well wonder sometimes whether we take ourselves too seriously on this tiny grain of sand whirling through space in the company of millions of other planets, making up the galaxies of the universe. When we stop to realize by what a narrow margin we cling to that which we call life, we wonder not that some of our colleagues have gone from us, but that more have not gone.

And yet, Mr. Speaker, there is more to life than death. It is inconceivable in logic that those who have toiled here with us, that those who gave of their best to the cause of government, that those who lived and studied and worked and planned for the welfare of their country, their fellow men, and their more immediate loved ones should cease to be when the shadow of death descended over them.

There is no possible human logic to justify any conclusion that death ends the activity of those we have known and loved. An all-powerful, all-wise, all-loving ever-present Creative Inteliigence would fulfill no purpose in creating human identities to be born to work, and strive, and laugh, and cry for a brief, fevered instant on this earth, only to pass out and to return to a state of nonbeing. That would be like a child building up a mound of sand but to sweep it away the next instant.

Every tenet of religious faith, every tenet of philosophy, every tenet of logic, every tenet of human hope bids us to be of good cheer because our colleagues, having passed beyond our ken, are not forever blotted out but live on and work on.

None can explain the mystery of death. We can hope. None can reason how or why our colleagues should have been called, except that that is the way of the flesh. But there is vast consolation, Mr. Speaker, in the hope and the faith that our colleagues, somewhere, in some happier realm, labor on, rising ever upward in their striving to attain truth.

So, instead of grieving, I think we can find it in our hearts today to be grateful to infinite love that we were permitted to know our colleagues, to be associated with them, to work with them, and to cherish their memories as we hope those left behind when we go will cherish memories of us.

That great philosopher, that kindly gentleman, that able Justice of the Supreme Court, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, once put into words the hope and the faith that I would voice to you here today. Said he:

I was walking homeward on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury, and as I looked beyond Sherman's statue to the west the

sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the skyline there came from little globes the pallid discord of electric lights, and I thought to myself the Gotterdammerung will end, and from those globes clustered like evil eggs will come the new masters of the sky. It is like the time in which we live. But, then, I remembered the faith that I partly have expressed, faith in a universe not measured by our fears, a universe that has thought, and more than thought, inside of it, and as I gazed, after the sunset, and above the electric lights, there shone the stars.

And something else that great jurist said I want to repeat to you. It was this:

I think it not improbable that man, like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it has never seen but is to be—that man may have cosmic destinies that he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

Who is to say that out of the depth of his wisdom, gained from his lifelong study of profound truths, Oliver Wendell Holmes may not have been right—that man may have cosmic destinies he does not understand. And so beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth we may catch a dreaming glimpse of peace.

It is this beautiful star of human hope, shining above the pallid glare of earth's electric lights, in the blue sky of a universe in which there is thought, and more than thought, that carries us through the storms and the stresses and the sorrows and the sicknesses, and enables us to bear the thought of the parting at death.

It seems to be, Mr. Speaker, the common fate of kings and beggars, of just and unjust, of saint and sinner, that each of us shall sometime embark upon that journey from earth to the far yonder shores of an unknown eternity.

If we believe that death is the end of those personalities whom we have known and loved as our colleagues, then, indeed, is death a truly dreadful event. If, however, we are to believe that those who have preceded us on that mystical journey, clinging to the hand of the Saviour, consciously

trusting in the infinite love of the Creator, are going on to other tasks—higher tasks, mayhap—then death is not the end, but the beginning of life.

So, then, as our hearts today are sad, as our thoughts are somber, as we find in our breasts an aching longing for the touch of hands that have vanished and the sound of voices now stilled, it is rather because of our own loneliness that we grieve, the loss of championship and association that we miss, than for any fear or any belief that our departed and beloved colleagues have been blotted out, or condemned to some oblivion.

Why, Mr. Speaker, what would be the purpose of life, what would be the use of this human struggle, what would be the use of our efforts, what purpose would we serve by our tears or our smiles, if the grave were the end of it all? Ah, no, life is eternal. We must progress onward and upward until we become more aware of that image and likeness in which we are created.

And, so, Mr. Speaker, let us be firm in the hope; let us find comfort in the thought, that our dear departed colleagues have moved further along toward their cosmic destinies which they may not understand, and, as Holmes so beautifully said, beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth, that they have realized that peace of which we here may catch but a dreaming glimpse.

Mr. Thomas L. Thomas sang "The Old Rugged Cross," by Bennard.

Mr. Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded taps.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
James Willis Taylor

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Reece

Of Tennessee

Mr. REECE of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, it is never too late to eulogize a departed Member, to mentally reincarnate for a few moments a vision of one who was more than stanch friend and true, or to seek to draw a lesson from his splendid life.

Habit and custom are abiding things. They wear grooves in a man's mind even as rivers score earth's surface as seaward they went their way. We may dam them up for a while, but always they must find an outlet.

Twenty years ago when I first entered the Halls of Congress, I looked to the late J. WILL TAYLOR as mentor and friend. In those trying days of adjustment to sudden precipitation into the national scene, his counsel and sage advice were of paramount importance to novitiate me.

Time and again, in the midst of confusion and debate, I would seek out his face to read thereon those signs which only true friendship can know or understand.

As the years fled, bringing with them a measure of self-reliance, the habit continued of looking about to find his face in some form of reassurance that all was well and calm. Even today—months after his untimely passing—I find myself still unable to break off that custom of two decades, even though knowledge of my loss follows swiftly thereafter.

Yes, it is hard to realize that strong, ever-faithful friend is gone and that I must put away in the background many of the things for which he stood to me.

"I am a little ahead of you, gentlemen," quipped Robert Louis Stevenson, years ago, as he toppled over dead in far-away Vailima. A little ahead, forsooth!

How true that is, not only of our late friend but of all the others who enter the portal of death ahead of us. We may shudder, hesitate, or try vainly to hold back, but through that door ahead of the living, we must go.

Others of you here have already eulogized my late friend. You have told of his splendid record of unstinting service and achievements. I shall not vainly try to add to that luster. Time is already giving it the patina it so richly deserved. Instead, in all reverence and humility, I seek to summarize briefly the outstanding lesson his life left for me to read and profit by.

Death has no personal terrors for me. Often I have been close enough to him to know that he is kind—friend, and guide to something better—rather than terrible foe. We fear and respect him, but that is because of our own failings and shortcomings. Every instinct we possess assures us that what we call life is but a prelude to greater things than we dare dream of. Greater than our instincts are the endless proofs we find all about us in science and nature. Miserable indeed must be the man who views death as the end of existence rather than the true beginning of it.

What stunned and left me breathless about J. Will Taylor's death was the suddenness of his passing. One moment he was a very definite part of my circle—the next moment, without warning, he had vanished with never a chance to do those hundred and one things we always plan to do tomorrow, yet somehow fail to do in the fullness and haste of the moment. Oh, he truly did much, but I know he dreamed of doing even more.

I was in naval hospital when the news came to me last November. For a long while it seemed unreal and incomprehensible. It was a shock I can scarce put into words. Had I been up and around it would have been hard enough to bear,

but on my back in a hospital bed, it smote me with even greater impact.

For death is a very real thing in a hospital, even though one's own ailment happens to be minor or otherwise. All around are doctors and nurses fighting against it and the battle is endless and without lull.

Lying abed alone most of the time, one cannot help but do a lot of reflecting. Life suddenly takes on new and different values. You see it from a new vantage point—a post from which you can revalue it and measure it differently than when in the midst of work or play.

Alert to our work, no matter how altruistic we may be and how eager we are to serve our fellows, we cannot help but think of ourselves and our dependents. In fact, that is perfectly natural and commendable.

But, as I said, a hospital bed is a new vantage point from which to revalue life—especially when the news has just come to you that a close friend has passed away. You suddenly realize, as if for the first time, how short at the longest and how transitory and evanescent it really is. Dreams, ambitions, high hopes, and great plans flash through one's mind like a panorama and then with a start you realize that any second may bring abrupt ending to everything. With staggering force you realize as if for the first time that maybe there is not so much time left after all and that it behooves one to remember full well that old admonition on the sun dial: "It is later than you think."

It is later than we think, and our friend, beloved J. Will Taylor, would tell us so if only his voice could come roaring down to us from the beyond.

Over and above the splendid example of his long and useful life here in our midst, his sudden end rammed home to me with stark force the truth in that old, old line of Marvel's—

> Always at my heels, I hear
> Time's winged chariot drawing near.

Servants of the people, we live in the most crowded, tumultuous hours of our Nation's history. Millions of our people look to us for the solution to endless woes and griefs. Across the seas, on either side of us, millions of other people are locked in hates and conflicts and because we are truly earth's last great democracy, they too, look to us for some ray of hope.

Our own people we dare never fail and perhaps it is written in the book of fate that somehow, by example of peaceful leadership or otherwise, we are also destined to help those other nations who can no longer help themselves.

But, Mr. Speaker and my fellow colleagues, it is later than we think and at our heels time's winged chariot draws remorselessly near. Yesterday has gone—today is fast going—tomorrow may never come.

My friend J. WILL TAYLOR had a keep sense of humor many people didn't suspect. That humor saw through sham and pretense and false trappings. He knew I was his friend and I do not believe he would have wanted me to stand here and say of him "he did this and he did that. He belonged to this order and that order, and so on."

No; he wouldn't have liked that thought. He would be the first to cry out, "Have done with the past—hurry and utilize the present," or words to that effect.

So, my colleagues, from a heart and mind brimming over with memories of a fellow legislator gone before us through the portal of death, I give you what I take to be the last lesson of his useful life to us who are left behind.

Tomorrow may never come for some of us, and it behooves us, therefore, to utilize today full well.

Mr. REECE of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks I wish to submit a copy of a resolution on the life and character of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, late a Representative from Tennessee and Hon. John Gore, late a United States district judge, presented by Hon. C. N. Frazier,

attorney of Camden, Tenn., and adopted at the Noel Hotel in Nashville, Tenn., at the Lincoln dinner, February 12, 1940.

Whereas the angel of death has visited our State and taken from the ranks of our great party two of our outstanding leaders, Congressman J. WILL TAYLOR and Judge John Gore; and

Whereas tonight, as we celebrate the one hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the birth of the immortal Lincoln, we feel it our duty to pause for a little while and turn this meeting into a pantheon of memory for these departed friends. These two notable actors have made their final exits from the stage of human life since our Lincoln dinner 1 year ago, and we lay aside for a short while the regular proceedings of this meeting to pay tribute to the blessed dead. It was Congressman J. WILL TAYLOR who, 12 years ago, in 1928, conceived and started the Lincoln dinner as a State-wide affair.

Judge John Gore and Congressman J. WILL TAYLOR, who but a little while ago so ably filled their positions in life and who seemed so full of health, hope, and energy, in the very noontide of their splendid careers, have gone from the clamorous councils of men to the peaceful silence of the grave, but they shall not sleep alone there, for "All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." "And all who breathe today, and all the generations to come must feel the sting that stilled their hearts and go hence and make their beds with them."

We shall not have the privilege of association with our beloved Congressman, J. WILL TAYLOR, and Judge John Gore again in this world, but the influence of their personalities still lingers here tonight like the fragrance of the roses that are faded and gone. History may not write them as great as the greatest statesmen and lawyers of their day, for they did not employ their faculties as the representatives of any special interest as judge or statesmen, yet they were great in the splendid equilibrium of their intellectual and moral powers and they both towered above the majority.

They did not attempt to parade their powers as judge or as statesmen, yet they possessed the ability that but few do possess. Their sky lines were high and even and showed but few gaps in their journeys from the cradle to the grave. They both were repeatedly honored by being elected to office and were as reliable as the attraction of gravitation; they knew no shadows of turning. They were as generous as autumn, as hospitable as summer, and as tender as a perfect day in June. They begged for the opportunity to do good, to stand by a friend, to support a cause, and to defend what they believed to be right. They always answered the roll

call of duty in the offices they filled in life, until they were suddenly summoned to answer the roll call of eternity.

These two outstanding Tennesseeans played their roles in life and played them well. They were stars in their chosen professions of their day and time. They believed in the people's sovereignty and their virtue, and always were ready to defend them against the assaults of the lawless elements with the courage of a lion. These stalwart citizens of the great Republican Party were absolutely honest men. Their words were gold, their promises were fulfillment, and there never has been—there will never be on the poor earth—anything nobler than an honest, loving soul.

They were lawyers and Congressmen of high attainments and close students of human nature. They both had the faculty of concentration, and there was no shield of sophistry that was proof against the shafts of their reason, no helmet of hypocrisy that would withstand the battle ax of their logic. They were as steadfast, as faithful as the stars. Their lives were full of honor and kindness and of helpful deeds. The world is poorer tonight than it was when they were among us.

We understand that they had to toil in the fields in their young lives for their daily bread; that they both had to fight to extend their way into prominence in their chosen professions, and thereby demonstrate the glorious truth; that while poverty might humble the body, it cannot beggar the intellect nor starve the aspirations of the soul. Undaunted by the frowns of apposition, they pressed on in their profession until they climbed to the very highest summit of popular favor with their people. Both Judge John Gore and Congressman J. Will Taylor were indeed household words in Tennessee.

We cannot but think, as we mix and mingle around these festive boards tonight, but what the immortal Lincoln with our two departed sons of our Grand Old Party, Judge Gore and Congressman Taylor are looking over the battlements of heaven upon this scene here tonight. These men no doubt knew well the following philosophy of Abe Lincoln:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand by anybody that stands right—stand by him while he is right—part with him when he goes wrong."

In many respects this is, in our judgment, one of the jewels of our literature and philosophy and contains a sentiment that was, no doubt, controlling in the lives of these departed friends of ours, and had much to do with their lives and conduct while they sojourned on this earth.

JAMES WILLIS TAYLOR

We who knew Congressman TAYLOR best know that his philosophy which he often expressed, was: "Forgive your enemies and never forget a friend." That was no doubt the ideal of Judge Gore as well. Both these outstanding citizens were loyal to their friends, to their homes, and to their Nation. Their sympathies were as broad as the sun's smiles; their manly acts and gentle deeds of love and mercy were like the gentle rain that falls alike upon the just and unjust.

These good men were not permitted to grow old and feeble, but while we cannot fathom the mysteries of life and death, let us hope and believe that He who holds the universe in the hollow of his hand, knows best when to call us all, and that our fellow lawyers, statesmen, and friends have only obeyed the summons to a higher destiny in a brighter and better world.

Major Shofner, we offer the foregoing statement and resolution on the lives and character of Judge Gore and Congressman J. WILL TAYLOR, and suggest that a copy of same be furnished Congressman TAYLOR'S wife; a copy to Judge John Gore's sisters, and a copy to the press.

Remarks by Representative Sabath

Of Illinois

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, the tie that binds those who have been long together in public service is apt to grow very close as the years glide by. Mr. TAYLOR and I served together ever since he came to the House at the beginning of the Sixty-sixth Congress. Before his arrival we all were anxious to meet him because he had unseated a southern stalwart of his own political faith, Richard Austin, who exerted much influence in this House, although it seemed that he favored every appropriation bill and few tax measures.

When Mr. TAYLOR entered the Congress, or shortly thereafter, he and I found ourselves together on the Committee on Immigration, which was very active at the time. Ever afterwards, until his death, we were much together on at least one committee. I had to surrender membership on the Committee on Immigration when I came to the Committee on Rules; but Mr. TAYLOR was permitted to retain membership on the Committee on Immigration when he joined the Committee on Rules.

At the time of his passing our friend was the ranking minority member of the Committee on Immigration, on which committee he rendered valuable service by reason of his broad and penetrating knowledge of the subject and his sectional detachment, largely, from the immediate effects of immigration.

This honorable deceased was a potent factor in the House of Representatives, and in his party's councils. He had to an unusual degree the sagacity to oppose a proposal without bombast or offense to friend or foe. When he approached one with a request his geniality and good fellowship had already half won his desire. In other words, he

was well nigh irresistible. The people of his district honored and trusted him, and he was altogether faithful to their interests. They loved him, and he gave them his personal affection in return. He won their continued support by his fidelity to duty, but he won their hearts by his unfailing kindness and gentle bearing toward everybody.

In committee he was able and impartial and there, with the late Mr. Mapes, his broadmindedness and tolerance did much to facilitate the public business. He never sought opportunity to make a headline—he did not need headlines to continue here—just to keep the public informed that J. WILL TAYLOR still lived or in any other way promote a selfish interest.

Mr. TAYLOR was a political partisan, but never illogically or offensively so. During all our service together I never heard this gentleman speak ill of anybody, and he always accorded everybody credit for reasonable intelligence and patriotic motive. He knew that the overruling laws of the moral world are that selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself.

Tennessee also mourns his loss for he was a true representative of his race—tolerant, broadminded, sagacious, genial, winning high and enduring place by sterling conduct—all that the Nation and his State could ask of a gentleman, a legislator, and a patriot. Tennessee will ever bow in reverence over the tomb of such a son.

Standing in imagination at the grave of our honorable dead, may we come more deeply than ever into the intimacies of God, and even while drinking the bitter cup, have power and grace given unto us to say, "The Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Remarks by Representative Jennings

Of Tennessee

Mr. JENNINGS. Mr. Speaker, on November 14, 1939, in Congressman J. WILL TAYLOR, for 21 years a Member of this House from the Second District of Tennessee, death chose a shining mark. When "death, the black camel that kneels at every man's door," came for our friend he was full of years and full of honors. He had "bought golden opinions" from thousands. He was at the height of his popularity, in the fullness of his power, secure in the hold he had on his people, happy in the discharge of his duties.

What was the secret of his success? What was it that gave him "open sesame" into human hearts, that for more than two decades kept him a Member of this body? The position that was his in this party, the services he rendered in this House, were not the accomplishments of a weakling. His engaging personality, charming manner, resourceful intellect, indomitable will, tireless energy, fidelity to his friends, and devotion to his country were the dominant traits which contributed to his rarely equaled career as a leader of his party and as one of the most influential Members of this House.

The secret of his greatness is found in his background, his parentage, the difficulties he overcame, and the training ground that was a part of his heritage. He came from that plane whence have come the immortals—from the common people.

> Nursed in the commoner's lowly shed,
> To hardy independence bravely bred,
> By early poverty to hardship steeled,
> And trained to arms in stern misfortune's field.

J. WILL TAYLOR is a magnificent tribute the common people paid to our free institutions.

His paternal grandfather was a Confederate sympathizer, a rarity in east Tennessee. His father served with distinc-

tion in the Union Army. Congressman TAYLOR was a Tennessean to the manor born. To properly appraise him you must know the history of the people of east Tennessee, a section that sent more soldiers into the Union Army, in proportion to its population, than any other section of the Nation. There were no slackers—every man made his choice early in the struggle.

His father, James W. Taylor; his mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Elizabeth Rogers, were typical east Tennesseans—people of strong religious convictions, whose home was the home of the Methodist ministers who regularly visited the community in preaching that faith. They were rugged, devout, frugal, industrious, hospitable people, the latchstring of whose home always hung on the outside. Among Congressman TAYLOR'S most devoted lifelong friends were these consecrated ministers of the Gospel, who had enjoyed the hospitality of his father's home.

His father, a country merchant and farmer, died 20 days after J. Will was first elected to Congress. In his devotion to his parents he gave a living example of obedience to that great command: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

After the death of his father, his mother made her home with her son at La Follette, where she was the object of his tenderest devotion. As a mark of the veneration in which he held his father, he erected a magnificent monument to his memory in the quiet countryside where he spent his life.

As a boy he walked miles over muddy roads to a country school, worked on his father's farm, clerked in his store, taught a district 1-room school at the age of 14. With money thus obtained he paid his way as a student in the American Temperance University at Harriman, Tenn., where, as boys of 18 years of age, we first met. There he gave promise of the man he was to be. He was a wide reader, a ready debater, a hale-fellow-well-met, who made friends easily and held them.

In 1901 and 1902 he attended Cumberland Law School at Lebanon, Tenn., from which have come many of the South's leading lawyers. Upon his graduation he opened a law office in the town of La Follette, in Campbell County, which adjoins Union, the county of his birth.

He took part in the 1902 and 1904 congressional campaigns, in the first of which N. W. Hale made an unsuccessful race for Congress against the then Member from that district, Judge Henry R. Gibson. In 1904 Hale defeated R. W. Austin for Congress, where he served until 1908, when he was defeated by Austin.

In 1918 TAYLOR, in a spectacular race, defeated Austin by a large majority. In this campaign he won his spurs as a campaigner. He was without a superior in rough-and-tumble, catch-as-catch-can political debate. He was forceful, energetic, resourceful, a master of ridicule and invective, and possessed of what, in an east Tennessee stump speaker, is indispensable—a fund of apt anecdotes and an ever-ready sense of humor. These qualities enabled him to carry a crowd with him and keep it in an uproar. The people of east Tennessee take their politics seriously, and they demand that their leader be able to give an account of himself on the stump. This TAYLOR always did.

Before his election to Congress he served as mayor of La Follette, resigning to take his seat in this body. He had previously served as chairman of the Republican State executive committee as postmaster of La Follette, and as State insurance commissioner.

As a Member of this House he was in his element, as is attested by the high esteem in which he was held by his colleagues on both sides of the Chamber. His greatest service was performed as a member of the Committee on Immigration. The legislation he helped to pass was especially pleasing to his constituents. He was an unfailing friend of the ex-service men. Letters received by him were promptly answered, and no demand on his time and energy was too exacting to receive his prompt and effective attention.

From 1916 through 1936 he attended every Republican National Convention, but never as a delegate; he always gave that honor to his friends. He served as national committeeman during the administrations of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, during which period many of his friends were elevated to high positions: Judge Edward T. Sanford to the Supreme Bench; the Honorable James A. Fowler to the position of assistant to the Attorney General of the United States; ex-Governor Ben W. Hooper to the United States Labor Board; Hu M. Tate to the Interstate Commerce Commission; Judge Xen Hicks to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit; Judge George C. Taylor to the United States district bench in Knoxville; and Judge John J. Gore to the United States district bench in Nashville. Hundreds of others were the beneficiaries and the recipients of unnumbered favors at his hands.

If I were called upon to sum up his life, it would be in the one word "others"; he did more for others than for himself. Endowed by nature with a pleasing, magnetic personality, he grappled his friends to his heart with hooks of steel. He made friends by being steadfast. He kept them by being honest. His word was his bond. He was endowed with that touch of a common humanity which makes the whole world kin. He was gifted with the golden key that unlocks human hearts. He was tactful, industrious, untiring, forceful. With unflagging zeal, increasing ability, and ever-widening service to his constituents, he pressed on to the end. His was the career of a strong man. No other east Tennessean ever had the hold on his people that was TAYLOR'S. He knew people. He trusted them. They knew and trusted him. As a campaigner, in his personal contacts with his people, he was without a peer. The services he rendered them were not confined to any class. The rich, the poor, the strong, the weak, the white man, the colored man, the businessman, the farmer, the laboring man, the ex-service man, his widow and dependents, all benefited from his helpful, ever-ready desire to serve them.

Just prior to his vote on the question of lifting the embargo on the sale of munitions to belligerents he was in his district, hale, hearty, in fine spirits, apparently in the best of health. Within 10 days the word was flashed over the district, over the State, and throughout the Nation "WILL TAYLOR is dead." His passing was a profound shock and a grievous loss, not only to his family but to his thousands of friends. For more than 20 years in this Chamber, on committee, in the discharge of his official duties, he had woven into the fabric of this body's accomplishments, into the lives and interests of his people, the very fiber of his thought and being.

His passing came at his home in La Follette, under his own rooftree, with his family about him. He fell asleep—glided gently out at ebb of tide. He passed as he would have had it.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

From the little town of La Follette, from which he had traveled to the Capital of earth's greatest Nation, from the family who adored him, from the friends who loved him, from the eternal hills whence came his strength, he took his journey. Passing from the scenes of his earthly triumphs, he went down—

As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Remarks by Representative Rich

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. RICH. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join in paying tribute to the memory of my late colleague and fellow Member, J. WILL TAYLOR, from the State of Tennessee. Throughout his career of public service he gave himself unstintingly in the performance of his many and arduous duties. His sterling personal qualities and outstanding ability won for him the esteem and respect of all with whom he came in contact. It has been my privilege and pleasure to know and work with WILL TAYLOR. His death came as a great shock to his host of friends throughout the Nation. His life was marked by many worthy achievements and his name will long be remembered as that of one who wrought much and well for the district in which he lived and the State and Nation to whom he devoted his life.

Remarks by Representative Taber

Of New York

Mr. TABER. Mr. Speaker, during all my service here, J. WILL TAYLOR, of Tennessee, was a Member of the House. He held an important place in Republican councils, both by reason of his long service and his great ability. He was a ready debater and gave of his very best to the interests of the country. He was honored by his own State for many years, not only in the Congress, but in the political life of the State where he had been the Republican leader for a long time. People came to rely and depend upon J. WILL TAYLOR.

Remarks by Representative Ditter

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. DITTER. Mr. Speaker, while the passing of a relative, a friend, or a colleague is always an event that strains the heartstrings and opens the wellsprings of grief, yet there is a consolation that always remains to us. Gone though our colleagues may be—among them the Honorable J. WILL TAYLOR, of Tennessee—yet the memory of our long association with them, like a melody, lingers on. As someone has well put it, their personalities remain to us in memory as the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone.

J. WILL TAYLOR was an able man. He was a quiet man. He was a forceful man. He was a fighting man among fighting Tennesseeans. It is a fact, however, that he never fought for anything except that which he believed in; he always fought fairly; he carried no rancors in his heart against his fellow men because of the legislative battles through which he passed.

He is gone now from our councils to the realm beyond the grave. He is not alone, of course, because those of us who at this moment live on this earth are as but a few as compared to the myriad men and women and children who have passed over throughout the long history of man.

J. WILL TAYLOR was not only an able legislator, he was an able lawyer. He did not choose to employ his talents as a representative of any special interests. He did not attempt to parade his powers as a statesman; but he possessed an ability with which few are blessed. He was honored by being repeatedly elected to office, because his constituents—his people—had full confidence in him. They knew that in J. WILL TAYLOR there was no shadow of turning. He was generous, hospitable, and tender in his affections. He always

sought an opportunity to benefit and help his fellow men; he never failed to stand by a friend, to support a cause, or to defend a principle he believed in.

It seems to me, Mr. Speaker, that the most fitting thing we can say of a colleague like J. WILL TAYLOR is that we who knew him well loved him much, and we shall never cease to miss him from our councils.

Remarks by Representative Byrns

Of Tennessee

Mr. BYRNS of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of the Honorable J. WILL TAYLOR, the Congress sustained a grievous loss. Through his many years of service here Mr. TAYLOR had become one of the most valuable Members of the House, regardless of party. Mr. TAYLOR for years had been one of the colorful figures in Tennessee politics and was unquestionably the most dominant figure in the activities of his party not only in Tennessee but in the entire South. He was essentially a partisan and fought hard but he never struck below the belt, and his regard for personal friendship transcended party politics.

When I first came to the House I took the immediate opportunity of renewing and extending a friendship which had existed between us for nearly 20 years. Prior to the time I came to Congress I never visited Washington without calling to see Mr. TAYLOR and on many occasions he gave me, with the most complete unselfishness, valuable advice and friendly counsel. He was one of the senior statesmen of Tennessee and I mourn his going. I was very happy that his family requested that I be named on the official committee to attend his funeral and at those exercises I saw men of every political creed and religious faith and there was universal sorrow at the untimely passing of this beloved figure.

Mr. Speaker, I desire to include in these remarks a prayer for those who have been promoted to a higher life, recently made over the radio by the brilliant and eloquent Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld of the Washington Hebrew Congregation:

God giveth, God taketh away, blessed be the Name of God, blessed be the righteous judge. As we recall the beloved ones who have passed away, these words come to heal the hurt that

death has wrought. Our loved ones have answered the summons that sounds for all mankind, for we are all sojourners upon the earth and our times are in His hands. We loose our hold upon the tree of life when our time is come, as the leaf falls from the bough when its hour is done. The deeds of the righteous enrich the lives of men as the fallen leaf enriches the soil beneath. The dust returns to the earth, the spirit lives on with God's eternal years. Like the stars by day, our beloved dead are not seen with mortal eyes, but they shine on in the untroubled firmament of time. Let us be thankful for the companionship that continues in the love that is stronger than death and spans the gulf of the grave. Treasuring their memory let us, in the presence of God, sanctify His name.

Extolled and hallowed be Thy name throughout the world which Thou has created according to Thy will. And mayest Thou speedily establish Thy kingdom of righteousness on earth.

Praised be Thy glorious name unto all eternity.

May the Father of peace send peace to all who mourn, and comfort all the bereaved among us. Amen.

WILL TAYLOR is gone but a Nation which produced him and men like him has nothing to fear from the future.

Remarks by Representative Bulwinkle

Of North Carolina

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following remarks and letter by the Honorable Kenneth McKellar in memory of the late Honorable J. WILL TAYLOR, a distinguished Member of the House of Representatives:

TRIBUTE BY SENATOR M'KELLAR

The late Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR was an unusual man. When I first met him he was the secretary of former Governor Ben W. Hooper. At that time he was a comparatively young man, ambitious to a degree, intelligent, energetic, vigorous, determined, and never afraid to take a position on any matter. He was then living in La Follette, Tenn. He had a lovely wife and two lovely daughters to whom he was very devoted.

Congressman TAYLOR early became tremendously interested in politics and was thus interested all his life. At that time the Honorable Richard W. Austin was Congressman from the Second District. He was commonly known as "Dick" and was exceedingly popular. When Mr. TAYLOR ran against Congressman Austin very few thought he had a chance to win. Congressman Austin had long been Congressman from this overwhelmingly Republican district, and was regarded as unbeatable. J. WILL TAYLOR made a most vigorous campaign, however, and won. He remained in Congress for more than 22 years. After his election he moved to Knoxville and became Tennessee's most popular Republican leader. He soon was selected as the national committeeman of his party, and during the Coolidge and Hoover administrations absolutely controlled every Republican office in Tennessee. No one could be appointed who did not have his support. He ruled with a strong hand. If members of his party differed with him he fought them in the open and, as a rule, they were beaten and accepted his suzerainty.

Personally, Congressman TAYLOR was a delightful, affable, and accomplished gentleman. If beaten at any time he took his defeat with a smile. If he won he took it as a matter of course. And he usually won.

While adviser to Presidents Coolidge and Hoover, Congressman TAYLOR brooked no interference with his plans. He was an uncompromising Republican, devoted to his party, ever ready to fight for it, but he bore no grudges. Probably no stronger Republican has arisen in Tennessee during my time.

Congressman TAYLOR was devoted to his district and worked strenuously and vigorously for its every interest. At first, he did not think highly of the work authorized by the Tennessee Valley Authority Act, but later on he became one of its vigorous advocates and aided in the advancement of that development.

Although he was an uncompromising Republican and I was and am an uncompromising Democrat, when it came to matters of interest to the whole of Tennessee we frequently joined forces and worked for Tennessee. But there never was an agreement express or implied of any nature or description between us. He was loyal to his party and fought me politically as vigorously as he fought any other Democrat. Personally, we were always friends, even when we differed most widely. He was a natural-born political organizer, and his organization in the State was probably the best his party ever had.

Congressman TAYLOR was very active on the floor whenever his interests were involved. He was a good speaker, a fearless speaker, and a fearless man. I was opposed to him politically but I always honored and respected him personally. I admired his courage and his frankness at all times.

When J. WILL TAYLOR died enormous crowds attended his funeral, and I believe every county in the State was represented.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *January 3, 1940.*

This being the day fixed by the twentieth amendment of the Constitution for the annual meeting of the Congress of the United States, the Members of the House of Representatives of the Seventy-sixth Congress met in their Hall, and at 12 o'clock noon were called to order by the Speaker, Hon. William B. Bankhead, a Representative from the State of Alabama.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, our Father, infinite in goodness and wisdom, we approach Thy alter of prayer. We thank Thee for that love which sings through the ages and whose tremendous comfort we may feel as the years pass by. We pray for that guidance which enables us to weave in the great loom of life characters which shall stand the judgment of time. In these perilous days hush our souls to meet the shocks of this mad world, wearying along in sands and thorn and in the bitterness of unbridled passion. O for that peace which Thou hast promised! We look upon the mountain and it is not there; upon the valley and it is dark; upon the horizon and we see the faintest star. O lift and straighten Thy right hand in the darkness that the high arms of the tyranny of war may be broken. Inspire us with the hardy, adventurous souls that first christened the hillsides and plains of our young Republic. Grant that hope, faith, and courage may burn with living fire along the faltering paths of our country until it finds its full fruition in the spirit of the Master. By worth and service, by fortitude and patriotism, may the Congress earn the right to stand erect among the underscored

servants of our free land. In the folds of divine care, in the embrace of a Father's love, bless and guide our President, our Speaker, the Members, and officers and employees.

Our Father of mercy and glory, how frail and transitory our span of life; our ranks are appallingly broken. They toiled and felt the rugged ways of time and passed on with the pledge of Thy power that death is just a phase of life that flows on and on. They are now where they behold the unforgotten faces and where the lost ones speak again. In our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. REECE of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, after 20 years of close association with him, it now becomes my sad duty to announce the death of my friend and colleague, the Honorable J. WILL TAYLOR, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee. As you know, he was a great fighter, and like a great fighter, when his work was done—and well done it was—and he received his summons from the Supreme Commander, he answered the summons with subservience, tranquillity, and complete resignation, in the assurance that a public servant who had led a righteous life and had devoted his energies and abilities to advancing the interests of his country and his fellow men would receive a full and satisfying reward.

At a later date I shall seek opportunity to speak more fully on the life and character of this great American, who by reason of his long and faithful service and fine qualities of heart and mind endeared himself to his colleagues on both sides of the aisle as he did to his constituents in his own district and the people of the whole State. At that time, others of his colleagues will also have an opportunity to speak their feelings in regard to him.

Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk a resolution and ask its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 330) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased Member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 7 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, January 4, 1940, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MONDAY, *January 8, 1940.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

TUESDAY, *January 9, 1940.*

Mr. KRAMER. Mr. Speaker, it was my privilege to serve with our late colleague, the Honorable J. WILL TAYLOR, on the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Mr. TAYLOR, during the 7 years I served on that committee as one of his associates, was the ranking member of the committee and rendered valuable assistance to me and to the remainder of my colleagues on the committee. I was sincerely grieved when the information of his passing came to me in California.

As a member of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization I offered in the committee a resolution with regard to the passing of our late colleague, and this resolution was

unanimously adopted by the committee. I ask unanimous consent that I may insert this resolution at this point in the Record.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from California?

There was no objection.

The resolution referred to follows:

The Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, in executive session, desires to spread upon its records the deep regret and sorrow of its members owing to the death of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, of Tennessee, who departed this life immediately after the adjournment of the second session of the Seventy-sixth Congress.

Our late colleague became a member of this committee upon his election to Congress in 1919 and served continuously on the committee during his entire term of office, and at the time of his death was the ranking minority member. He rendered able and distinguished service in the capacities in which he served. He was held in high esteem by his colleagues in the House who mourn his passing. The members of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization tender to his widow and family sincere sympathy in their loss and bereavement.

Samuel Dickstein, Charles Kramer, Lex Green, E. C. Gathings, Anton Maciejewski, John Lesinski, Caroline O'Day, George Grant, John L. McMillan, N. M. Mason, John Z. Anderson, Henry O. Talle, Cliff Clevenger, W. R. Poage, A. Leonard Allen.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *January 4, 1940.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore laid before the Senate the following resolution (H. Res. 330) from the House of Representatives, which was read:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, on behalf of the two Senators from Tennessee [Mr. McKellar and Mr. Stewart], I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read and considered at this time.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 203) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. WILL TAYLOR, late a Representative from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Member of the House I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being under the order previously entered, until Monday, January 8, 1940, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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